Stolen Moments

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Stolen Moments

by jonnimir

Summary

Kinktober Day 29: ~~Sleepy Sex~~ Somnophilia

When Hannibal rescues Will from Muskrat Farm and brings him home, he falls asleep from exhaustion before the paralytic wears off. Hannibal only intends to change him into clean clothes, but gets carried away.

Notes

Consent note: Hannibal tries to make weird justifications, but his actions (oral and frottage) are non-consensual and not appreciated, and there are concerning implications for Will's future.

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal pays little mind to Cordell or Mason once the former has been defaced, and the mask of his skin laid over Mason's face, a mockery of the procedure they dared to attempt. Cordell is still alive, neck snapped in the same manner in which Hannibal had paralyzed Mason, and will have a slow and painful death from blood loss.

His attention goes entirely to Will. Will's eyes flicker slightly, following Hannibal's movement, but his facial muscles are entirely frozen, and there isn't so much as a twitch of his fingers. He's clearly under the influence of some kind of paralytic, though quite conscious. And knowing Mason, he would have been granted no anesthetic. Hannibal sets to work unbuckling the straps that tie him down, which seem frankly unnecessary considering the strength of the paralytic.

His anger has not ceased. It still boils, seething at the thought that this could have been Will's end, snatched from Hannibal's hands before he could enact the elegant finale he had envisioned, and tortured by someone entirely unworthy.

"Alana has been so kind as to facilitate our escape," he says in a tight voice as he removes the last straps. "Unfortunately, we don't have time to wait for the paralytic to wear off. More security will be arriving soon."

Hannibal hastily redresses him to shield him from the icy weather outside. Then he slides his arms under Will's shoulders and knees, lifting him up, and grunts slightly as his shoulders protest. Will is limp in his arms, dead weight. Hannibal's back is screaming after spending hours tied in a contorted position, but he has little choice. He breathes through the discomfort and begins the long journey outside.

Alana has provided keys for one of the cars on site. Security backup appears as he treks through the snow, but not all of the gunshots are theirs. He hears the same sound Chiyoh's sniper rifle made in Florence—quiet, but not so quiet as to be undetectable to Hannibal's ears. Relief barely eases the burden of the journey, but glancing down at Will in his arms gives him the strength to go on. Carrying him over his shoulder would be more effective and less strenuous, keeping him over his center of gravity, but would rob him of this sight. Will's throat is pale and gleaming in the moonlight as his head lolls back. The veins in his neck bulge slightly, and every bump of his trachea is visible and strangely compelling. The heat of his body against Hannibal's is stark contrast to the icy air around them. And he is here, at last, and no longer causing the turmoil he had when last unconscious in Hannibal's arms. Hannibal is no longer determined for it to be his end—he has made a promise, which in truth was little sacrifice to make. Will will be his undoing, he has little doubt about that, but he thinks he can make peace with that eventuality. All he has to worry about in this moment is getting Will home safely.

Though he cannot be sure how much time they will have until someone thinks to check Will's house, they do make it there in one piece, and he sets Will on his bed with as much care as he is able. He asks Chiyoh to watch the road for a while to make sure no one has followed and warn them if law enforcement appears.

Then they are alone.

What Will is wearing now is ill-fitting and stained with blood that transferred from Hannibal's clothes. Hannibal finds him a comfortable pair of pajama pants and a flannel that will stand up to the chill of his house, unheated during his absence and slow to warm again.

Will's eyelids have fallen shut, and when he doesn't blink when Hannibal reenters the room, Hannibal expects he's legitimately fallen asleep. Hardly surprising, after several exhausting days and an inevitable adrenaline crash.

Hannibal hesitates to wake him, but his clothes are damp with blood and melted snow, and it won't do to leave him in them.

He unbuttons his shirt, revealing the skin of his chest, some bruised and some bloodied. His breath is steady, and Hannibal can't help but rest a hand on his sternum, feeling the rise and fall. Though he has been around Will in an unconscious state on several previous occasions, this moment feels different from all of them. Will does not have the cloying smell of fever clinging to him, and Hannibal has no reason to rush or attempt to distance himself, unlike his attempt at clinical distance after Chiyoh shot him, drugging him and preparing him to be eaten. Now he has vented his anger and survived an ordeal alongside Will, and he no longer feels a need to lash out at him. He was interrupted, but perhaps it was serendipitous, after all —he remembers that moment when Will, cornered and enraged, took a bite out of Cordell's cheek, vicious and bestial, and radiant in it. Hannibal felt so much fondness for him then, along with more discomfiting emotions. When he sat and contemplated them previously he had decided they could only be remedied by eating him, but this time he has no intention of following through.

Now there is only the two of them. And Hannibal does not feel the sting of betrayal, now— he feels a quiet thrum of victory, his inner beast having had its fill of viciousness today while dealing with Mason's men, a level of violent indulgence that even his usual crimes do not approach. Today it had been not a scalpel but a hammer, and not careful precision but the brutality of fury and survival.

And Will is here, safe. Saved by Hannibal's hands. Returned here, back to where it all began.

And his head is still fallen to the side, stretching skin thin over his pulsing carotid, a reminder that he remains alive, and will remain as such. Hannibal has to place his fingers against that pulse, marveling at the sensation. Will has not knowingly offered vulnerability, but he is displaying it nonetheless. And Hannibal, despite all the exhaustion saturating his muscles, feels a warmth in his chest seeing it. A degree of sentimentality and longing. Emotions difficult to identify that simply shift like fog in the moors of his mind.

He touches Will's cheek, the bristle of stubble. Pushes a strand of hair behind his ear. Touches a finger to his lip, and wonders what emotion it is that he feels, now. There's an illusion of having infinite time in this moment, even though he knows that's certainly not the case. Word will spread eventually, and someone will think to check Will's house. And the paralytic will wear off sometime soon, and Will will wake, and they will have to talk. Of teacups and time. Of the rules of disorder. Or they will edge around this thing in his chest, finding some way to either expose it or obfuscate it. But he just wants this moment.

The longer he spends sitting there, hands on Will's skin, the more he feels a sense of something more akin to greed, the sort that emerges from anxiety—the sort that was familiar from his youth, how he would glut himself at the first opportunity for a feast, knowing too well how hunger ached, fearing there would come another endless winter of rationing and starving. In the present, it's impossible to say where things might go after Will awakens. He might not have another moment like this with him for a very, very long time—if ever. Another endless winter with nothing to feast upon.

He wets his lips. Becoming more intimately acquainted with Will's body than is strictly necessary, while he is unconscious and paralyzed, would be unspeakably rude. And that would certainly have an impact on how their relationship progressed, if Will were to wake and find such untoward behavior from Hannibal.

But even the thought of that, of Will waking while Hannibal touches him, and still being unable to move—of being fully conscious but unable to speak or deny him—it does not sit so terribly inside him. No worse, surely, than when he administered drugs to Will with the intention of eating his brain while he still lived. And that was intruding into the realm of Will's mind, where he had constructed such great barriers. It was feasting upon a part of him, symbolically, that he had denied to Hannibal. In contrast, Hannibal believes Will to be less guarded about his body. At least, he hadn't hesitated to have unprotected sex with Margot, a near stranger, and Chiyoh had explained on the way here how he had been quickly receptive to her sudden advances, and that had allowed her to catch him off guard and push him off the train. Perhaps in Will's worldview this would be no more invasive than Hannibal digging around in his mind uninvited.

His hands move before his brain fully decides upon action. They undo Will's pants and carefully ease them down, gently enough not to wake him, and pull them off his ankles. They stroke along the lines of his shins, then his thighs, then his hips, framing his soft cock.

He hesitates. He straddles Will, carefully, trying not to bounce the mattress, and cautious of the strain on his very worn-out arms as he leans down. He kisses his lips, his cheek, his pulsing carotid. He pays special attention to his neck, grazing it softly with his teeth. He resists, as he so often has to with his partners, the impulse to bite until he tastes blood, even though Will's neck is so beautifully exposed for him, and Will can offer no protest in his current state.

The thought makes his breath come out shakily. He licks along Will's trachea, feeling every bump, every vein. Inhales, nose pressed near his ear, and feels the sense of warmth spreading inside him. It is not fully arousal—not in his battered state—but it is something close, something yearning. He moves a hand down Will's chest and down his side. Kisses his sternum, then lays on his side next to him, so he can rest his weary body a bit without losing sight of him.

His free hand trails down Will's stomach until it reaches wiry hair. He doesn't go for his cock immediately, instead rubbing the insides of his thighs, which are already slightly apart. He imagines how Will might respond if he were awake and mobile. Would he clench his thighs together, shy or hesitant, or would he embrace his touch and spread them wider? In the

absence of his true response, Hannibal is free to imagine as he likes—so he imagines them spreading, imagines Will's breath quickening with anticipation.

And Hannibal would not dare to disappoint him.

His hand wraps around Will's cock, and he slowly and carefully draws him to hardness. Even paralyzed, the tissue is able to stiffen and engorge in response to the stimulation. As he watches mesmerized, he decides it's better to fully indulge while he is able.

He pulls himself back, straddling one of Will's legs as he leans in and takes him into his mouth. He lets the saliva gather and slick his length, bathing it, luxuriating in it. He pays attention to every nuance of Will's taste, every note of musk, every salty hint of sweat. He becomes aware of his own arousal beginning to buzz between his thighs. Vivid images pass behind his eyelids, ideas of what could be, fueled by his senses in this stolen moment. It becomes a more pressing need, and soon his hips are flexing, though nothing lies close enough to rut against. He decides it's time to fix that.

He removes his pants and crawls along Will's body until his cock finds the saliva-slick skin that was just in his mouth. He pushes forward against it, moaning softly as they glide together. His lips set against Will's throat, against his pulse, and he ruts forward again, shuddering with the effort of restraining himself to just these small, soft motions. Nothing fast or rough, nothing that might shock him awake. And yet…

He can hear how even in sleep Will's heart rate has increased. He knows it will just be a matter of time until his system decides to wake him, until whatever dream he's having now spills into the real world. But it doesn't deter him. He can't help the vivid surging pleasure even knowing how precarious the situation is, or perhaps because of it, and he pants heavily as he forces his muscles through yet another trial.

His kisses draw up from Will's neck to his jaw, barely resisting turning them into nips. He pulls back just to see Will's face, still soft and lax in sleep, before falling back against him, blanketing him.

Then…

A soft noise that is not his own. He freezes, for a moment, eyes closed and heart pounding. Then, slowly and deliberately, he strokes his hips forward once more.

There is another noise, an almost choking reflex of the throat, as if he were attempting to speak but was foiled by the paralytic.

"It's me, Will," Hannibal murmurs in his ear. He makes no movement, no shudder, as still as if he were a corpse. He could still be sleeping, for all Hannibal can determine without checking his eye movements—vocalizations in sleep are not impossible. But his instinct tells him Will is awake, regardless. It makes the sensation feel even sharper when he next drags their cocks together, part of his mind sparking with speculation of Will's perspective: frozen in place with Hannibal's breath against his neck, suddenly awake and aware that he is stripped and hard and being ground against.

An accompanying surge of possessiveness rises from nowhere, as the thought passes through him that the alternative to this reality, in which Will has no ability to resist, would be a reality in which Will *could* try to pull away from him now. And somewhere in his brain there's a virulent assertion that that reality would be unacceptable, that the only acceptable reality is one where Will is beneath him like this, and Hannibal is free to touch him, cover him, *fuck* him, to any degree that he wants—and Will should know that, he should know that he is Hannibal's. Suddenly the idea of Will being awake to experience this seems not only desirable but necessary, so that he can know this truth as well as Hannibal does.

He licks along the pulsing vein in Will's neck, fists a hand in his hair just because he can, and rolls his hips more insistently, so there can be no mistake of what he's doing. He considers going a step further, properly slicking himself and penetrating Will—but following through on those logistics sounds like a terrible chore at his current level of exhaustion. This will have to suffice for now.

He inhales deeply as he grinds against him. Will's scent has shifted and his heart rate has increased, but it's hard to read a precise emotion. It's not critical right now; what's critical is that he continue forward and bring this to its proper end.

"You are mine, Will," he says, voice as firm as it can be when he is so breathless. "In this world or the next."

He reaches between them to squeeze their erections together in a last surge of desperate energy, and he gasps as the friction finally draws out his release, puddling on Will's stomach.

He sinks down and noses at the rapid pulse of Will's carotid and the vague rumble of his throat attempting to speak.

"Don't force it," Hannibal murmurs. "It may take some time for your voice to return entirely."

He lifts his head to watch Will's face, where he can see new movement, his brows drawing together. His lips are parted and pink, his cheeks even slightly flushed.

"Forgive me for not having your consent," he says, though despite that he can't resist brushing his lips against Will's, when they are so rosy and beautiful. "We have much to discuss, and I'm sure I have just complicated the conversation. But it's perhaps not the worst transgression between us, compared to what else we have done."

It startles him slightly to hear Will say with some clarity: "Don't."

Hannibal stiffens, the flow of warmth through his veins halted by something icy and choking. "Will, I…"

"I can't—" Will's voice crackles. It's hard to tell if paralysis or emotion is more responsible. "Don't act like this was okay."

Hannibal shifts to sit beside him. "I didn't say it was."

“You did. And it’s not.” His face has some range of motion now, but its expression is entirely solemn.

“You intend to reject me?”

Will’s eyes are distant and carefully avoid landing on Hannibal. “Would you let me?”

“No,” Hannibal says softly, and without much hesitation. “I don’t believe I would. Not now.”

“Then I guess it doesn’t matter what I intend.”

“It matters for what I intend to do next.”

“Plan on chaining me up if you think I’ll run?” His voice was flat, no trace of humor.

“I’d prefer not to.”

“But you would.”

Hannibal touches his face, and Will flinches, his expression tightening. “I’ll do what’s necessary to keep you. And you’re in no state to resist at the moment.”

Will says nothing, and closes his eyes.

Hannibal sighs, resigned now. “If we’re to follow the path of greater resistance, I’ll have to ask Chiyoh to bring me a few things. I’ll only be gone a moment.”

He redresses himself and leaves Will lying there, still undressed and too weak for proper movement. He’s not a flight risk at this moment, but the coming days will be a greater trial. He’ll have to brace himself.

End Notes

If you like this concept definitely check out Strats' fic Ravenous! I remember several of us chatting about this concept so they might have even spawned from the same conversation. Her interpretation is from Will's perspective, and it's great!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!